

This is a Revolution

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/26702002) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/26702002>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Other
Fandom:	mcyt , Video Blogging RPF , Minecraft (Video Game)
Relationship:	Dave Technoblade & Toby Smith Tubbo , Clay Dream & Toby Smith Tubbo , Toby Smith Tubbo & TommyInnit , Dave Technoblade & Wilbur Soot , Jschlatt & Wilbur Soot , Clay Dream & GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Past Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound
Character:	Niki Nihachu , Wilbur Soot , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Dave Technoblade , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Eret (Video Blogging RPF) , Floris Fundy , Grayson Purpled (Video Blogging RPF) , Darryl Noveschosch
Additional Tags:	Big brother Dream , Dream Smp — Freeform , Tubbo is so done , Hurt/Comfort , Tubbo Cries , Pogtopia 2020 , Manberg , Jschlatt is Evil , in this fic anyway I'm aware it's a bit , Industry , Flowers , garden , Technoblade and Potatoes , do we need anything else? , Dream? In the shadows? B I T C H N A H , Dream SMP Election
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Wholesome Week 2 Electric Bungalow with Tommy and Tubbo
Stats:	Published: 2020-09-28 Words: 1207

This is a Revolution

by [A_C_0](#)

Summary

Dream sits next to Tubbo, silence over the two as they look at the east horizon.

“I know they’re safe.” Tubbo whispers, looking at Dream. “But why does it hurt so much?”

“That was your home Tubbo.” Dream whispered back. “It’s natural for it to hurt.”

And together, they watch from afar as L’Manberg burns.

Notes

This is my final submission for Tubbo and Tommy’s wholesome week, combing my free choice and ‘Flowers’ prompt. This is the longest fic I have published, and I hope you enjoy!

(This was temporarily fixed to include Punz, Ponk, Callahan, Alyssa, and Antfrost.)

After the election, Tubbo had found a new way to keep busy, distract himself from the blood and gore that he couldn't seem to wash off his hands.

Flowers. Tubbo had expanded his bee sanctuary into a large flower field, complete with paths and lanterns. Dream had come and helped, burying the hatchet between the two. The bench the two had constructed, the flowers they had so meticulously planted, seemed to be a place of peace. Everyone seemed to drop by, even the Exiled, in which he would leave small notes and hints of Schlatt's plans for them. Tubbo, while also working for the government of both Pogtopia and Manberg, had grown closer to Eret as well, the elder expressing his deep sorrow and regret of betraying them.

At this point, Tubbo's garden had become a meeting place for all, and he encouraged it, allowing Niki to set up a small booth for her bakery. Once in a while, he would even allow himself to shed his tailored suit for his black and green outfit, and practice sparring with Dream. Even Purpled had become a regular at his garden, and Fundy had brought a couple of foxes. Tubbo enjoyed watching the animals prance and chase his bees, the small insects dancing just out of the bugs reach.

It was an even bigger surprise when Technoblade appeared, wordlessly handing him three acacia saplings and a stack of potatoes. Before he could even open his mouth, the king had turned on his heel and left, ruby red cloak billowing behind him.

So Tubbo planted the saplings and potatoes, and had come back to Technoblade farming and caring for them.

"They grow better out here." The Legend grunted, cape, tie, and crown absent. The warrior had his white dress shirt's sleeves rolled to his elbows, and his long hair in a loose braid behind him. "The Pogtopia farm is great, but the sun is just somethin' else."

Tubbo would nod, and go back to tending his flowers. He had developed a routine and calendar in his garden.

On Sundays, Bad would come and tend to the fish in the freshly built pond, and they would make small talk till he was summoned by Schlatt.

Monday, Techno would be working in the potato patches, sometimes mentioning the happenings of Pogtopia.

Tuesday, Eret would visit, both of them would talk for hours under the large acacia tree, sitting in the lush grass. Eret would bring biscuits and sweet tea on every third tuesday of the month.

Wednesday was the day Niki would set up shop, and nearly the entire SMP swarmed to the bakery stand. It was like the Holy Lands, no one harmed each other, and no bad blood was brought.

Thursday is when Tommy and Wilbur would visit, reading the notes that Tubbo would stick to the underside of the bench. They would laugh, listen to the discs, and forget the war, forget that they were wanted dead or alive.

Friday is when Dream would come, bringing either new flowers or plants, and on every other week, he would train Tubbo. Tubbo liked those days the best.

Saturday is a day that fluxuates, that he has no idea what will come of the garden's occupants.

Sometimes no one shows up, sometimes everyone does. But every Saturday, Tubbo tends to his bees.

‘Good things only last so long.’ Dream had told him once, when he asked about George betraying him.

Tubbo supposes that goes for the same when he looks up from his bees one Saturday, and sees Schlatt, Quackity, and George march into his beautiful garden. No one is there, currently. The three have never been to the garden before, and Tubbo hated the way they walked over his flowers, stepping on Technoblade’s potatoes, and the saplings Dream had planted from a biome in the nether.

“Tubbo! My right hand man!” Schlatt smiles, his teeth glinting. “A gorgeous garden you have here!”

“Thank you, sir.” Tubbo nods, turning back to bottling honey. “I did it with a lot of help.”

“Well, it’s a shame we’ll have to tear it down.” Schlatt tuts mockingly, chuckling as Tubbo’s head whips back around. “What? One of the main things I said I would do is undustrealize our land! And this....”

The goat man gestures to all of the surrounding garden. “This is not industrialization!”

“This isn’t your land!” Tubbo blurts out, standing up abruptly and clenching his fists. “This is mine!”

“Oh but Tubbo! What’s yours is mine, remember?” Schlatt laughs again, turning to a smirking George. “Burn it down. Start with the flowers, stupid things are giving me allergies.”

Tubbo lurches forward as George easily lights a torch, but is intercepted by Quackity.

“No!” Tubbo screams, writhing desperately as George lurks towards the flowers he and Dream had so painstakingly planted. “No! George please! Dream planted those!”

The man with goggles laughed, and turned to look at him. “Dream? Planting flowers? With someone like you?”

“You’d be surprised, Georgie.” A familiar voice sounds, and everyone looks to the bench, where Dream, in a dark green hoodie and even darker pants, sits. A shining, enchanted, netherite sword and helm leaned innocently on the bench, next to him. Dream was dressed uncharacteristically seriously. His darker pants tucked into polished netherite boots, with a matching chestplate and leg plates. “I happen to enjoy planting.”

Tubbo finally wrangles out of Quackity’s grasp, a sob ripping itself from his throat as he stumbles into the waiting arms of his older brother figure. Calloused hands stroke through his hair, and his tears run down the shining chestplate.

“We won’t let you burn it down.” Dream says firmly, his mask shifting fully on his face. “This garden has united more people than any leader in this server.”

“We?” Schlatt scoffs, looking around. “You and Tubbo? I know you can fight well Dream, it’s admirable, but you are a nearly even match with George, and Tubbo isn’t even properly trained.”

“Oh I have full confidence that Tubbo and I could take you three.” Dream tilts his head, his body language making up for his hidden expression. “But Why do that when everyone else wants a

piece of you?”

Schlatt rolls his eyes, turning to George, who is now slightly pale. “Burn it.”

George takes a step forward, eyes tracking Dream as he makes no move. “George, look behind you, dumbass.”

Tubbo also looks past George, and there, at the edge of the jungle, is Technoblade, Tommy and Willbur, all in armor and armed to the teeth.

“And to the left.”

There’s Niki and Fundy, in L’Manberg uniforms, holding swords as well. Purpled also emerges behind them, holding his netherite sword.

“Oh, and right.”

Eret, Jack, Antfrost, and Sapnap all emerge from the forest. Eret’s robes and crown is forgotten, and he dons a pair fighting boots and blue tunic. Ant’s furry coat replaced by a cape of red.

“Oh, and your fired staff.”

Punz and Ponk emerge, with Callahan and Alyssa. All four have enchanted armor, with Punz in front with a loaded crossbow.

“This is an ambush.” Schlatt hisses, looking at Dream, who still cradles a hiccuping Tubbo.

“Oh no, Schlatt.” Dream shakes his head. “This is a revolution.”

End Notes

Comments are appreciated!!!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!